

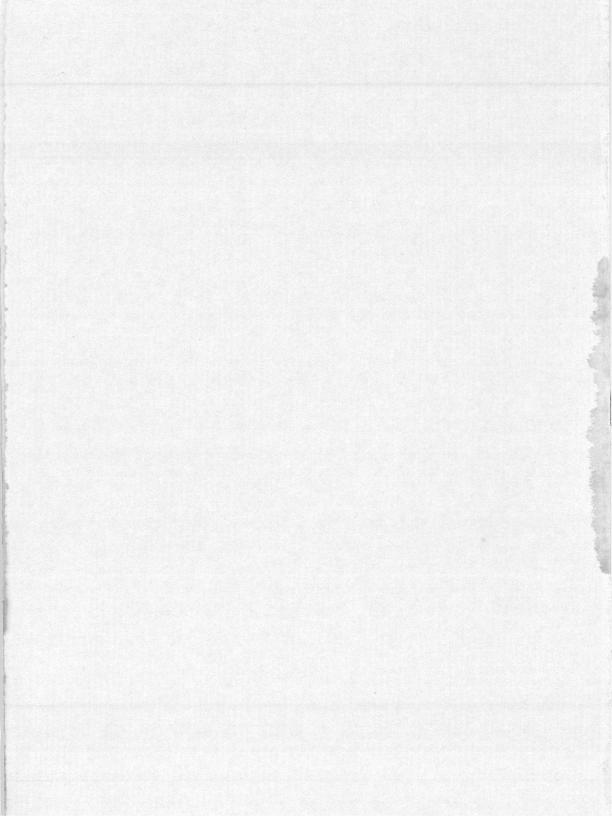
Ronald H. Bayes

"Look, the thing I'm so damn proud of, apart from the big risk, is that the Turtle has shape, form, a controlling vision." - GENA FORD. "Ronald Bayes I only get glimpses of. He is trying to do something to me I don't know, and he has cracked Ginsberg, Duncan, Olson for instance." - LARRY EIGNER. on and off! Moving I mean." - ARAM SAROYAN. "Simple and fine affirmation ...no clutter, no fumbling." - jo Mc-DOUGALL, "Bayes" success lies in his ability to deal with an intricate though not ponderous structure of sound pattems." - ANDREW CURRY, "The poems defy Kafka's cage - that went in search of a bird...Work of great poetic freedom, work that perhaps has as its greatest singular achievement the facility of music and contrasts. In many pieces the sound structure and sensitive arrangement has the impact of a modern jazz quartet - intricate, exciting, sometimes smooth and most of all memorable...Off key magicl" - 808 ROBERTS. 'Bayes' poems have given me much pleasure." - ADLAI E. STEVENSON. "I'm glad to learn...that the Turties are charging! And I am sure that the series will live and find its place." - WILLIAM STAF-"Innoculated with the authentic virus..." - WM. CARLOS WILLIAMS. 'Ronald Bayes is one of the most suggestive poets in America." - K. L. BEAUDOIN, "A lovely sense of the company, the communitas of poets, the live tradition'. - ANSELM HOLLO. Bayes succeeds in casting light upon the shadows of indefinite experience." "... Shows us where we are... opens the door of the stale room of la poesie, or rather catapults out of it, smashing the hinges. Here we are finally having a demonstration of McLuhan's mysterious non-linear perception. Devastating impact. The epiphany, always latent and hoped for does occur." - HELEN LUSTER (Los Angeles Poetry Center). "I em much impressed with the skill and delidady." - HENRY RAGO. "The poems are very lively and interesting, full of vitality and a lot of wit, and technical interest." - JAMES LAUGHLIN, "I have followed the Turtle with the greatest interest." - ROBERT DUNCAN, "Bayes has written his very guts into these poems." - HARRY MEACHAM (Academy

of American Poetsl.

undreamed light will flash upon your mind's eye. - ALVIN R. KAISER 'I love Bayes' light touch." -- ATSUO NAKAGAWA, Poetry Nippon (Nagova, Japan). "Bayes" poems, at times, very well remind us of the lyricism of Robert Creeley..." - MOTOI MIKURA, Bane (Tokyo). "A refreshing breeze on the Tokyo scene." - RUTH COLE, Japan Times. 'There is one consolation (here in Australia), at least the names of John Newlove, George Bowering, Raguel Jodorowsky, Ronald Bayes, etc., are being heard," - GORDON LASSLETT. experiments with the language shell - FRANCES T. BRINKLEY. "I like things which are solid as WCW is solid, as creeley is solid, as ed dom is solid, as richard hugo is solid, as bayes is solid ... " - BEN L. HIATT. "What Bayes is doing will prove to be a stepping stone to our future - poetically speaking." - MARGARET RANDALL du MONDRAGON, "Notable for the specific concrete images that separate poetry from mechanical prosody..." - MARK FOSTER. "The situation is significant, the motifs glue and state, and all together affect intensely...successful... like nothing I can recall since WOZZECK or WASTELAND ... ' - JOHN HAWKINS "Home run with the bases loaded." - JAMES MILLER. "In Child Outside My Window you have succeeded in presentation so very completely that this reader suffered from continual nostalgia ... can read it every night and still feel it come through." - WILLIAM CALKINS. among those who know no better than to be bad, cadre plus crucifiers, kinder plus cook, all caught together in the common prayer." - JAMES MERRILL. uses a 'Poundian oblique' or abbreviated discourse most of the time, and even adopts the kulchur-ideogram...where he Utrillo, Degas, Picasso, Rousseau, Corrot, Europa, Rembrandt, Bellows, Eiffel, deHooch, Seurat, Tanguy, Boccioni, and Copenhagen! But tones of hip or homey familiarity also come in..." - TOM CLARK (Poetry Editor Paris Review).





HISTORY OF THE TURTLE Books 1-IV

by RONALD H. BAYES

with an introduction by Anselm Hollo

Published 1 June 1970 Reprinted Paperback December 1970

OLIVANT PRESS P.O. Drawer 1409 Homestead, Fla.



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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 72-116609

Acknowledgements:

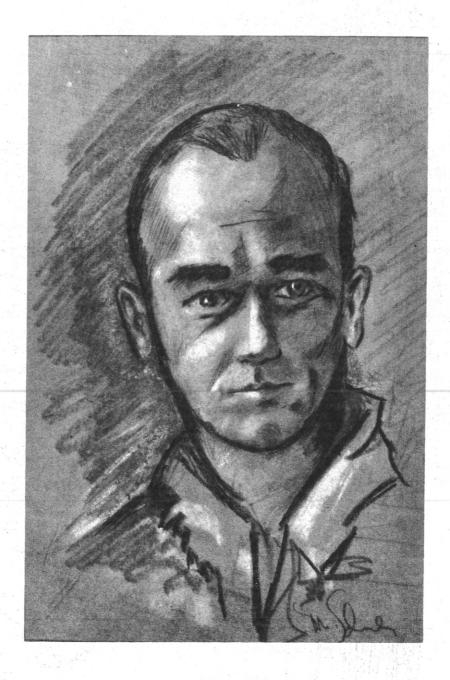
The first and fourth books of History of the Turtle were published first in Duende magazine. The second book, in its entirity, was part of El Corno Emplumado 13 (Mexico City). Book three was published in Grande Ronde Review, Lines, Wormwood Review, Border, The Goliards, Ante and Symptom.

R.B. Laurinburg, N.C. 14.10.68





Photo By Leroy Williamson Courtesy Of Texas Parks & Wildlife Department



Portrait of the Author by Marty Schultz

INTRODUCTION by ANSELM HOLLO

SOME NOTES AND GRATEFUL THOUGHTS ON THE PLEASURE OF TRAVELING WITH RON BAYES'S TURTLE:

Like the man said: "It's amazing how much you can get into the damn things!"

Time Capsule(s). Not by Westinghouse: designed, and 'contents'

decided on, by a poet.

All any of us do, most probably; only there are some who tend to 'embellish', 'amplify'; or, less absurdly, worry about 'communication'.

Changes of light and turning the corner. Like the CANTOS, it's a sottisier, too. "I don't know what the hell he was on about, but

I sure enjoyed listening to him."

"- why should the writer's task be / as Claude Simon says / to give form to the formless, / why should the writer, of all people, be such an ineffectual fool?" Pentti Saarikoski (Finland, 1960s).

The element of audible time, in these Turtles. Over and around the record of moments held in the (feeling) mind. A sense of controlled spontaneity, not a power-oriented 'structure': but a music that makes stop and listen. How long can we afford to stay, in the blank spaces? But suddenly they are parking lots, meadows, stretches of sea. Listening, we look around. And the poem is not 'disturbed'. It has time. It goes on, but we'll catch up.

Great one-line poems, within the poem. "Lemming puts its paw on the damp sand."

Those are translatable; the totality of *Turtles* could only be re-created.

"Has Inspiration eyes, or does she walk in her sleep?" Paul Klee (1901)

Tunes, weaving in and out. Webernian durations. An ear, though, that is not hung on, or would mainly strive for; effects of such (real enough) beauty. Wide range, of 'pitch', including frequencies many of us may not always be able to register.

Footnotes, concordances: would they be turtle eggs, proliferating? Turtles within turtles, marching off into the hills? Heading

in the opposite direction, we'll catch up.

Doing the Tartaruga Torque. An old dance. Then again "You're in the garden of an inn near Prague,
You feel altogether happy; there's a rose on the table
And instead of writing your story you stare intently

At the rose-beetle asleep in the heart of the rose."

Guillaume Apollinaire (1913; Wm Meredith translation). A lovely sense of the company, the c o m m u n i t a s of poets, the 'live tradition'.

-Isle of Wight II'68

HISTORY OF THE TURTLE (Books I-IV)

This book is dedicated to the memories of John Clare, Sidney Keyes, and F. W. Nessly and to Jonathan Williams and Carlos Reyes

Sometimes I sow, and sometimes I thrash; I am tailor or tinker, as Truth doth appoint. — The Vision of Piers the Plowman (Passus V)

BOOK 1, HISTORY OF THE TURTLE (to Robert Creeley and Gena Ford)

"no matter the deathly mu-sick, the demand / will arouse / some of these men and women." — Charles Olson

"Responsibility is to keep / the ability to respond."

- Robert Duncan

PASSUS 1: THE HOG BUTCHER REVISITED

"No time I had to gape, or take my ease," he said,
"First to get children, and then get them bread . . ."

- Goethe

I.

This time we come up with gentility's slyness & dressed in green from the outskirting

No fly in the ointment & motorcycle escort from Palmer House to Stockyards — instead a mid-morning commuter train

& no
Negroes stare sullenly
as Eva Tfat floats (1952)
or
red-white Oregon-for-Ike
banners threaten sultry slums
disturbing the reality
of doorsteps, ratdroppings
sweat, sperm, urine
homogenize at 100
humidity 88 — for NOW
we zeph in by
commuter train: the 9:45. No
sullen stares at all.

Granny train
baby train
mama shop train
where
menopause makes eyes
at a middleaged conductor
& Gertha chews the heel
of her hand
& pops occasional bubble
gum

HIGHLANDS

"Larger, newer on the Eeast side of town" & rumor has it two suicides in the philosophy department @ Notre Dame in last semester alone.

Backyard swimpools
above ground big
enough to drown in
now. No such as "They
had the lake to rake." Just
drain & find 'em limp above
ground
: sans danger; sans threat;

WESTERN SPRINGS.

The beauty green the beauty green clean brick like Prestwick & like Ayr.

& clean, too.

LA GRANGE

& filling up. I see a well-turned ankle board at last I think without lust welcome (like clean green & brick).

"Lay off them puns, mon frere."

I mean it like I said it.

Henbree Auto Body sd. the sign & small Polack looks at me from 2d deck above but I've (CONGRESS PARK) read Nat. West & know about love.

M.K.G. always walked - the Mahatma, that is sd. a man shd. not even otherwise BROOKFIELD

go further than one cd.
negotiate on
foot
sun to sun.

II.

At the foot of the unknown lay X; at the foot of the

known
Y.
In tribute (each year).

III.

Beautiful 17 blond HOLLYWOOD Polack w/ dark Boho this morning a-broad: "I thought you said you liked Dick!" - titter - & denial - & belies the graduation coat from Bonwit Teller she's still so choice, so milkmaid, so lovely so worthy of oil paint of decameron, court of love . . . WE MISSED A STOP but Joyce might caution "Wait 8 years" & ANOTHER of decameron, courts ... of loves ... Sweat over the

BERWIN

oil, natural, through soot through clean dirt through butcher blood spatter, Carl,

well-formed chest

romantic Carl,
romance in brawls
soon, Carl, if you
can now, Carl,
watch, Carl. Malcom, Carl, after
all
commands more than Roy Wilkins & Lonigan is
stud no more, Carl...

LAVERGNE

natural mother's milk flows, Carl, & as naturally as mother's milk blood may D.A.F. De Sade &c, &c. Carl? Naturally.

IV.

"Но

LLO

W/BEAUTY/on(e) cd.

0

wor

se

&c&c."

V.

But, Amerika, the questioner of wrong things

CICERO

Amerika god of flash

of switch

"GOD IS LOVE" A SIGN A SIGN

& "Tennis, anyone?" asked the last proud decadent, circa 19-.

&

& Tom Tom Missouri's son grabbed his brains & away he run

.CHICAGO. "CHICAGUH! SKIKAGOPE" & dead in a ditch dead in a ditch dead in a ditch a concrete ditch.

PASSUS 2: EXCHANGE

Art et lunch et Lake Michigan & A MARGIN FOR HOPE

"You gotta pay when you go up there don't you, Mister?"
Small Negro lad (about 13 — Chicago: Art In stitute)
two p.m., 1963 — never mind the day but a very significant &c

& I sd. "I don't know - don't think so" & he quickly
"I wantta contribute anyway" & quickly as turned away
handful of coins into the
chest.

Then, pursued by a fat Chicago wooman who once rivited in the Pac NW off off & away. Humiditas humiditatum.

(REST or RANT

as Ford asked)

AT GAFFER'S LOUNGE

"More stow-rage in South Chicago"

then in the past
...then, then
I mean past then

(past 5 years)

"... Gotta get um tuh respeck yoo kuz if they shit their way through they'll keep it up. You gotta have a secret. Ole Pope had a Secret." "Yeh but Pope had South Chicaguh unduh his thumb; fire department & everthing."

LAKE MICHIGAN
beauty beauty, sidelong &
lunch, Marina Towers, John & I
looking
"Marina Towers, John: African
pubescent
breasts
or twin phalli?"
"I'll take phalli."
"Sigmund & Sandburg."
"Biggest anywhere in the world."
"The bedrock shifted, though,

after they started." (Out of context.)

PASSUS 3: PROFILE

I.

& for 2¢ you can't get a penny post car no more. & the aged school mam (friendly!) yammering to the Chinese (Ph.D. in art)

"I'm a school teacher too; speech correction."

"Well."

"In some places we/ are called speech therapists."

(Silence & smile)

"So you are Chinese!"

"Yes."

"Is there any difference between Chinese & Japanese art?"

Father are you on your way

H.

The father was on his way to the Philippines for 6 years more, knew the dialects, 6 of 'em & 3 degrees beyond the priesthood calm & lost calm & lost & found calm & lost home somewhere in The Netherlands, he said w/humor & a delightful conservative laugh

III. 2¢ worth?

> Shocked hair

> > & out of the coffee reverie to the avant book shop

where there is new vision upon the hopeless state (perhaps not up to the classic in ways but

motion

helps.)
Like parenthetically I was trying to get at the meaning: viz: tickle the soles of the feet while you amputate the fingers
&, as Tom might even agree, "all that jazz."

ANYWAY I have found a place, father, where saltpeter & chlorine & chickory is called coffee: Iowa City & it seems, it seems... kee-rist we ARE adrift when 9/10's of the coffee in Amerika tastes bad as English brew, that is coffee. One must think on these things.

IV.

This awful coffee my increasing age this morning's overcast, the hour, and YOU there drinking yours — I oughta be excited & in love w/ you on sight (& you got no ring neither) — are beautiful & not a reaction on my part, I face a fine profile & write this to mark a new point in mein loif.

DRIFT SMOOTH DON'T JOSTLE THE PASSENGERS DRIFT SMOOTH INCLUDING ME,MY SWEET SWEET V.

Now beat
beat waves
as the heave of the tide
as the heave of sex
as 33 turned on at 78 r.p.m.
as we have been, & never
again—thought like, to my ear, a sad Presbyterian hymn I love:

If I can't get off I shd like to get through.

PASSUS 4: ALL ROOMS

"Nomina, Numina" - Hugo, quoting

I.

In many a postscript he has said, trying to define, "Assuming through to, but through re-gardless."

STRANGE & wondrous rooms

(cubicles even, to a tiny degree)

each different even in the bureaucracy.

NO

It is WRONG to keep the corpse breathing
this is an imperative: PULL OUT THE DAMN TUBES PULL OUT
THE DAMN TUBES! Enough!!!! (Even Sheen this month of jewel-eye
1963, at last, thank God.)

Breakdowns in communication occur to satisfy emotional drives—even in ignorance & even with malice afore &/or malice below the conscious level too. The street's not 2-way. It is a 4-lane circus as in o god metrops. But enough—bad enough for a fisher boy cummin intuh Reykjavik.

His face was handsome until he raised it to the light smashed nose scrambled chin in the cafe.

"A thing of beauty & a boy forever," said G.M. disagreeing w/a fellow Catholic on the topic of masculinity re intrigue & ladies of the evening.

Yet
"I am happy at last" said L. later. ... & after so many rooms & I was overjoyed.

You look sad, my dear now in this room (desiring you? - ah, may be) (credit W.S.)), I wish you wouldn't look sad. I read correctly the face. I read correctly the lines of your face. But you must believe me when I say all rooms are strange & wondrous.

Ragnar told of a specific fisher boy with a beautiful voice, soprano voice we heard on an old record in Keflavik over Radio Reykjavik; how a part of the Northern song, seemly, light, night, minor, borealic at the same time cold love he sang in minor: told how the fisher men, none of means of course took up a collection great enough to send the boy to Rome to study under the finest teachers of voice for two, I think, years anticipating I suppose another Gigli or even greater if they knew of B.G. & I sup pose they did for in Iceland to be poor is not to surrender to being dumb as in dull as in dully stupid as it is in too many countries & of a course he returned to the island as a rather shitty baritone, & of course it aint the first time glands have screwed up the generous, gratuitous ACT

"So what?"

Precisely!

III.

Strange & wondrous rooms should pucker one al ways

I.

I drew a star upon the wall, so very high it seemed to fall
I drew a swastika on the wall, I drew it large, I drew it small
I too for you (politic, fickle!) stout hammer & surrounding sickle

O nail a nickle to the table sympathize with Cain & Abel as you note the dirty rain trickle down the window pane

Laugh for misery, laugh for pride contemplating lust & pain; man in spite of time's mutations senseless of his true position — numb in space in erudition prophylactics, population

Blood that's dry is copper brown Dionysus has gone down blood & granule turning black rain & seed & radiation; even Christ would not come back

[&]amp; he asked me — he aged 9 — "Why do you laugh so much when I am sad." Quickly, then
"Why are you always happy when I am sad?"
& I said "I'm not always,
but . . ."

& he was bitchy 4 hours & even boarding the train managed a scowl & he cried brokenly as the train wheels rolled too slow away.

& I continued to laugh & wave so long

(beyond the hills)

In the name is the thing?

II.

Now some hours have passed & hours we are in a university coffee shop, too loud, too airconditioned, yet she removed the fork from her beautiful mouth, slowly, thinking, so much like Asta, like/only blond/

slender/slender

I.

Hung it all, Bob Caldwell the form's dictated & we lie if we deny it - hung it all . . . if the honest &c . . .

NOW then dishonesty whomps it in the saddle, "SO ..." as F. Park says, no excuse to write in bawl-point any weigh.

It remains hard wherever you are to put disappearances & disappearance out of mind.

Dealing in whites: clean & crisp dealing in purples dealing in crisp white dealing in a fine, warm month with a cool & seltzer breeze upon one's legs — our legs — where nonetheless . . .

Dear Asta doves do NOT come out of coo coo clocks no matter the hour nor how you spell it wasn't Tod who died in Italy — he never will
one way or another, but
PrOfessors OF
die
as a rule

ETTU

"There is a deal of beauty in the Midwest" said the Duchess & the cat (merely) grinned.

II.

Fat black fruits in a coffee-house room swished & waved & tattered on the table neatly, sweetly able with nails round as doom flipped the wrist & quieted the room with "Voodoo, Voodoo, Voodoo, Haiti soon" "Papa Doc don't scare us: Haiti soon" "Where we dig the witch doctahs & we dig the black art" "& where we shall outsmart Papa Doc" "On the othah side the rivah under the moon****"

The children gone as
the hamster running in his cage
accents the lonely quiet of this house
accents the frondy trees at window as dusk gathers; accents desire.

```
"To talk economics is silly"
"To talk trade, tit & tat"
"Who knows?"
"Or gives a rap"

(rap

rap)
```

Inevitable tube High noon Gopher Gap

PASSUS 7: THE WEAVING

Dr. S. "Hush! You mustn't say anything about it yet; but I have made a great discovery."

Mrs. S. "Another one?"

Dr. S. "Yes."

Ibsen

I.

I have your letter here who recognize, still my love & ignored it enough that it did not have a chance to hurt either of us, ultimately & I am deeply moved these several years away.

To know the facets of your kindness & your wisdom (which I always trusted) here & renewed is good past measure.

We will both always wonder, but the fine bond is sealed.

II.

the bearded bOys with OvAl vOices

from cAn tOWn

hAve begUn

sUccesses & sOme hAve new triUmphs weAr blAzers & hAve iObs

O sOme still & sOme still UnemplOyed but bAr prOne

the beArded bOys with OvAl vOices.

III.

"It is not the right time for reckless abandon."
No: &, & even though
*sunlight did weave in your hair that afternoon *&
wind came out of night against the hut *&
looking as childhood should through a fence at the sea . . .

"Yes my O my she
caught
my eye"
said the box loud loud
spondee

my eye"

five years later.

Profumo even twisted. This time is not my time.

"Nomina Numina"

I think for 20 years I will not sing beauty again

PASSUS 8: TO FORWARD NORMALITY

Nondum amabam, et amare
amabam, quaerebam quid
amarem, amans amare
"I loved — oh no, I mean not one of ye,
Or any earthly one . . ."

The school & community were all she knew.

Now here she is upon a campus walk in the rain & books in a big brown bag slogging 64 along to take a class in school & community from X & looking wretched.

To certify to state to certify to teach.

The burlap
the bandana
the love or need
the smart young men in specs
tight pants
fast breasts

the diagrams & diaphragms the athletes clean the knowing knees.

But distant the honey, gone the bees.

Nondum amabam, et amare amabam, quaerebam quid amarem, amans amare, et

II.

DEAR ASTA WHY MUST YOU REMAIN W/ME AL WAYS A TOUCH STONE

INDEED YOU STAY
INDEED
STAY & I DIG THAT
PAST BE
LONGING
TIME GENERAL TIME & YOU (A)GAIN)
IN MY MIND WHICH
GETS LESS TENDER THE MORE WEEPY

(How ford a foundation Ye s-aints of 19..)

& the local papeer proclaimed in several & respective places, like "NOTEBOOK"

Sweet Adelines will rehearse . . . "JUST ARRIVED" Daughter to

Mr. & Mrs Rew . . . "SKAGIT HISTOR . . ." . . .

& at Portland near the stadium heart on a tree reads

> ALONE VERY EAR LY

(carved)

PASSUS 10: FIXED EYES

(to Vi Gale)

I.

Ginsberg returning (summer '63)
told of the transistors in Tokyo
encountered as summat a shock after
Inja & its apparently unsolvable physical mess & quiet pace,
inner searches

In Tokyo plugged in to ears
of sexy western garbed yung
uns. "But cute — something — not as sick as in America."

Over here, plugged out everything else, I guess it seems so it does indeed/did to AG in comparison (Plugging relativity even. New problems) IS is it a matter of time, even mebbe of interpretation? Will the sickness spread hoof mouth ear & innards worse? Vis. C.O.'s reference to the "deadly mu-sick"

& c

How to look at ... even a problem w/ TRUE MEN: just so ... anywhere.

Kildare lurches to the table, finding that he is not able, open meat he cannot face he says his gloves are far too lacey, turns the problem, thus, to Casey who is tough and basic, stable.

Casey unconcerned with psyche orders things & cuts & sews "these human lice"...he wins the day & does it even gloriously—gains more than Salk victoriously.

III.

Fields of learning spurning the fraudulent lonelier than fixed eyes on the omphalos. To take a short step unbelieving is labor unhoping despair, & that the driven layer crouched mind doesn't purr & roll over enrages the press.

PASSUS 11: LAMENT FOR GAUDIER-BRZESKA

"Go to sleep - though of course you will not . . ."

W. C. Williams

Dear Duncan:

Last night mourned unsober & somber Gaudier's death this morning wept over eggs in a public cafeteria mourning Gaudier's death understandably stared at (It is enough)

The lament took this form a rude garland the chant went this way:

Mind can't help
but cry
'I am so
on to die'
Gaudier
Gaudier
Gaudier
know
not (but who?)
some one close some in-side

will betray
Gaudier
as Radiguet
Hart, Pound, Wilde, Lawrence, T.E.H.

At hand
or can't see —
hear the lung
breathe the blood
O Gaudier, Gaudier, Gaudier

& the lot flag, cheer shout (they shout, dear Gaudier, shout, O Gaudier)

Can one fly else from here Gaudier Gaudier?

PASSUS 12: AN EGG/A LEMON

T.

Sunday dinner: two loquacious India Indians breeze/whiffle/yak yak into dining room U British Columbia rapid fire ACROSS brief aisle to whole (5) group suited, sari-d tied, In dia

Indians

India Indians

TOTALLY IGNORED

each sally TOTALLY (no perturbation in faces of latter one handsome quiet & who reminds me of Johnny Mathis on a cover no undue perturbation on faces of I assume lower casters who continue uncouth to yatter & eat & their legs go like jog-joggle crickets the while ALL THE WHILE ALL THE WHILE THE MEAL/mealy/melee

May be I shd not be surprise?

This too an out-post by dog & I dig silent aristocrat who face unexpressive looking at me so calm & beautiful w/ big eyes NOW

Nor have I learnt
to love crawling
things the Lawrence once moved me w/ "Snake"

II.

& age ten
I stuck the icepick true
the blanket

Rolled on the chick (pekin duck)

Didn't fool nobody least of all Mama.

III.

An egg / a lemon

"... & the terror left me,"

I recall; great relaxedness.

Whalen read from wasn't it "Monday in the Evening there was an Animal Who Left a Set of Tracks"

(Whalen's new Ital. job) . . . great relaxedness in sense, anyhow somehow I think the tracks were in the snow, now

Shall calm

be recorded?

And next day was Vancouver's spirit

wind & grey grey faces too; a hunchback four feet tall stood leg braced on the green lawn casting a fly far far down the wide green & all the while mowers mowing hell out of the lawns round about like indentured servants to the big buck U.S. at Keflavik A.B. but no British taste or wit to put you up or down & so it has gone, lawns really full of casting hunchbacks & the audience putting Whalen down like a spastic they were on the record (or is that wrong)?

Cripples at least
danced in statuary in the
courtyard outside

which Fred Franklyn sd the middle aged marms bitched about (a-boot) 10 minutes every hour class in flux & a little sun at least Ginshe

& a little sun at least Ginsberg's Krishna song-prayer coming back uninvited & invited so

much more happy than the varsouviana used to or "Save the Bones for Henry Jones" either (also Sts of Larado).

Sun &
the beautiful R.S.
catching every snatch
golden golden
measured every movement
& on the other hand eyes eyes ("hari Krishna")
& Judy confusing
Diana as my wife
& apparently George not giving a damn for just this world
completely inner
gazing sd
"There is Tom
bathing in every . . ."
rain or shine

O we are islanded O but good & it cd be they will look at this week one day & maybe leetle Rude wave sad he blew out one biggy night on P.W., reading . . . him off BEEG (that is, R.)

IV.

As sweetest branches yield no fruit often

stunted, sweetest

shall we?

The pandit the zen-bo the general

"feed the people," rooted Ezra said

Count down count up count down

V.

Currently in love w/ Dee & having given up singing beauty on wheels new digging is dictated.

& across the room very white George's face — haunted is it — & honest & dis-attached just now

& across 25 years Hannah & I into the house at twilight, Umapine, & the paper blew out from the wall as we talked, walking, of demented sea captains who reputedly threw things

(SHIP AHOY)

when we ran past his
house to the goat farm, &//Hannah/Robt./I
we ran we ran
(the time of lamps
& late Carlton E. Morris
mysteries over batteries/
...remember the rat boy?). duende
there is duende!

VI.

THE SONG!
"The tree arises again" sd Duncan.

THE WORK futility related

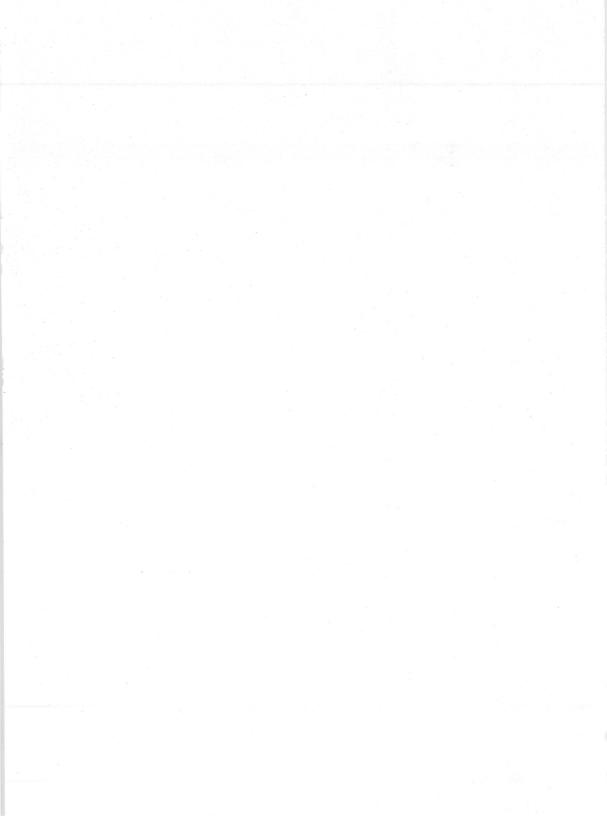
few till, I t(r)y few 'til I t(r)y $\begin{array}{ll} fu & fu \\ til(e) & {}^{\prime}til \\ eye & I \\ try & t(wr)y \end{array}$

craft
c as see
see raft
sea raft

r i s k

but above all THE WORK

the song



BOOK II, HISTORY OF THE TURTLE

(To Vi Gale and Bill Dodd)

Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston, Pie.

A fly can't bird, but a bird can fly.

Ask me a riddle & I reply

Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie."

A. A. Milne (Winnie)

PASSUS 13: THE VANCOUVER PIECE: INSCAPE FROM KOOTENAY

I.

Beyond measure meant I saw the thee look pass over

David (Schaff) says the language of my elegy to you was too slight to celebrate such a death — your death I shd perhaps try awful drums of "I loved you" & risk un-concert, hollow sounds; guffaws from an empty pit.

David is right.

("See me, if you want, about the poem — What I shd have said is that the language is too slight to carry the metal — that is numinous — of your emotion — ideas, etc.

Thanks - David S.")

But at any event for the first time in 8 years my battery of self charged, charging — only question is are the cells too far deteriorated. QUESTION OF HOLD.

TENSION.(

in

tension

ex

tension

)& among questions still demands

*To know when to survive

*To pay homage.

Tasks as a man - even as the man:

& as to power & uses thereof.

"Power whether evoked upon or whether evoked from," as John Keys sd to Duncan.

III.

The Muse? I have assumed the Muse & not mentioned her by name. I shd have. Poets are fools who don't. & all who make.

She does not deal lightly

With those who fail in love, respect, & fear — Most, reverent awe & worship in the mind. Still, She's not malicious for sport, mere sport — detects The impulse, sees into the whole vibration of his Brain, his time, his heart.

Off to the future? Or the past? or NOW Love her in awe,

Nor try to prey otherwise in hers, the only Green & cool concordance With a sun.

Yet facing the problem of the grinding Womb & the necessity of Maleness in Independence of it, Actaeon Flood opined On impotence in artists — specifically, poets.

But where is the wholeness? The fringes are
Pernicious BOTH & some close proximities —
Still. Actaeon, do not be in the spot
Of the little boy w/ golden screw in navel
Whose ass fell off when the little golden angel
Answered his prayer & removed sd screw FINALLY —
"Making him like others".

One can face most destructions w/o insult to Muse or Hughes (Willie); viz Certain areas Fate will not tolerate insult in.

There are Furies, you dig that.
While there is time make peace with the Muse.
It was never easy to make the contact: less so in our time & there are always Furies.

&, Asta, I sing to Marya thus:

I have a lover in a city in the South
I have a lover in a city in the South
I have a lover in a city in the South
I have a lover on a plain in the North

I have a lover on a plain in the North
I have a lover on a plain in the North
I have a lover on the sea in the West
I have a lover on the sea in the West
I have a lover on the sea in the West
Yet the sun rises; there I turn my step
Where the sun rises; there I turn my step
When the sun rises there I turn my step
Now the sun rises now I turn my step

&, Asta, I sing to a rock, thus:

My lover's tooth is missing
But what shd I do?
My lover's tooth is missing
But why shd I care? We had
Sex through the eyes just now

&, Asta, I sing to a sigh I do not know, thus:

Your lips are swollen Is it from kissing?

Thin sand on a White rock.

&, Asta, I sing to things difficult I did not make, thus:

Try as you must My knights, Chessboard.

&, Asta, I sing the one-ness and tones of a man, The one-ness and tones of man. Safe here yet
Garden & fountain bare of people
Tonight
In a time people walk
Dangerously in gardens by fountains
At night.

& about a year ago this evening
I think my last hour with Les Lindou
"Power to your pen," he sd. And
I never saw him again except in the newsclipping
John sent me a month after his death
At least until I saw the spirit come out of
Charles Olson's eyes/same electricity/

Never without joy!
& Charles: "...stone. Love this man."
Never without.

V.

"We gotta feel the sense of the meaning of the word" as Oscar Oscar sd, quoting Rimbaud & "Like free. . ."

"But you can die of indiscretion," sd A kind wise rambler w/ a beard "& you can die of discretion
too," as the strawhaired boy noted & as
it took Eva Wear to teach me over coffee
talking about necessity of danger & as Margaret
Avison confirmed this very week. Necessity.
You can. . . &c.

"Words words words" which ones? If I don't know how can I tell you? The continents bump.

There is incantation of truth.

Joe Gaiser could take one in
To the soul of man
& now you scant & overproud speak to me! Kind
Speaker speaker speaker you
Are not speaker speaker speaker, Joe, of whom
One student said "one of God's last good men."

Building

I am OUT OF HERE.

Vancouver, Aug. 1963

PASSUS 14: SIMILARITIES STOP SOME/WHERE

I.

Like Roberto
but w/ round steel rim
glasses
he had hair falling over an olive forehead
& the goatee dark, neat
But Roberto sang
insatiably.

II.

Should Be...

III.

& "stop killing yerself" Joan wrote me from California. . . She is quite a warm woman & I hope her Presbyterian lover aint a real bastid.

IV.

To get the 2 voices Together! PASSUS 15: INTERVAL

I.

Where wd you point if you were to point to yrself? That became the question: Where wd you point if you were to point to yrself?

Olson pointed to his head

Ginsberg pointed to his navel & mentioned the anus

Creeley to heart & head then hands upon hips rested & he smiled & told a story

Duncan to head & heart alternating w/ swift repetitive motions w/ nervous hands

Whalen pointed at the asker

II.

& at last the good weeks
ended & Charles
under awful strain reading 2 nights tired quickly,
& Monday the knife
& Charles reading/pressure/& like
Dad not showing his

teeth in a whole smile, but half-smile/half/the teeth sifting pain & I think our known inanities

III.

& at last the good weeks ended & Charles under awful strain reading 2 nights tired quickly, & Monday the knife

III.

"God the dog of the first Angel..."
read Charles & of God's tongue dropping eternal
events. & we knew why we had come
why we all had come.

Saliva is holy: Should be. I.

Shd Be. . .

& stop killing yerself. Joan wrote:

She is quite a warm woman.

To get the 2 voices together

Pave, Man!
To craft properly poem
Stone rune
on down the street
light - & it
slants

II.

Small cafe.
Americano gringo.
War on TV nobody
suffer-but excitement
-maybe

& it is fitting for Olson, Quetzalcoatl's thigh bone So out of Gloucester through light out of Maya through cigar smoke looms the True Man.

PASSUS 17: BRIDGES &c PORTRAIT UN*FEMME

One of them wandering Europe grey as a rat at the temples. One of them on the make. One of them r's i.p. "Which crosses on a high bridge," thus Olson as at the very minute the Canadian uh-ladeh chose to take eh expenshive (?) imitation uh Jap fahn most noisy ivory to the uh heat to uh his uh poehtry y like farting at a funeral so appropriate I want to holler, knock it out of her hand & her usbahnd a gettin kulcher & (balls!) alltimeately awfully the phony plastic ivory rattled in opposition to Maximus.

star: *just past menopause

star: *puts his hands behind

his back

star: *IN OPPOSITION to the STRAINING
& concerned face, voice of
Maximus

& Olson talked on "the diadem of the dog which is morning"

& the rattle continued

star: *for it's home again, & whom? again?

star: ...a rat...at the...temples

& one under a psychiatrist & one making it in society & one a choirmaster & Florence & Andy in telly-vision "Which crosses..."

star: *I can go
fairly fast
yesterday is not past
nor is tomorrow
yesterday's sorrow

PASSUS 18: AND IN 1889 & SO ON

I.

Name: Heather Alane Weight 8 lbs. 3½ oz. Date: August 19, 1963 Parents: John & Jo Bell

"I dig the DEMAND BUT IN themeantime I've got people to talk to(o)." (thus, to Larry).

The chile is eximackly 31 yrs & I month younger than I am. That is. Heather Alane Bell.

Timin. Time Untime. "Time tie me," as Ford sd in his a way poem. Weight: 8 lbs. $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

II.

Ah, Wyllis... & so & so & in 1887 de Max to Gide (viz. A. G.'s Journals for 1905)

"You smile with your eyes; you will wear out your face." then AG: "What shd I smile with?" then deM: "Merely with your lips... just look at me" & Gide continues on it (p. 125. Journals)

"Theatrical smile, I read today in Stendhal's Journal (14 July 1804), speaking of Napoleon's smile. "in which the teeth

are shown, but the eyes do not smile'."

& thee to me, Iceland, 1958, on my means of dealing w/ officers & NCOs whom I feared, &, thus, usually hated:
"You lie with your eyes. You smile with your teeth & I think you mean it but you lie with yer eyes."

Whoooosh. I do not know.

The Lincoln mystique acts differently

On each of us. Like an acid.

PASSUS 19: AS IN A RETURNING

Speed is illusory
as the car smashed or not smashed
even more illusory than we are
smashed or not smashed as high on liquor, hopes, exercise,
excitement (licit & illicit). Heavenly Blue.
love-in-bloom
speed is illusory
as in the convertible smashed, over
turned on the road to Ukiah
men die in illusion/for illusion

Plopped her ass down
& lit a cigarette in my
kitchen after racing thru traffic
20 miles over the limit
plopped her ass down to be
entertained gratuitiously
sped by
sped by illusion speed
is illusion
round the corner break out like Zoro
but speed is illusory god damn it—about time you dug that!
Am trying to say speed
deludes silly majority of?
Of majority
Majority being one. plus.

Sped.

Sped Fay to feed me at the counter very very red but very very nice woman coughed every meal on my water & silver like a blessing.

It was not bad, really.

A saner speed, that is more understandable to die of TB if you gotta work & can't stop for treatment or Sally, Lloyd & Big Fred go hungry, sky of books shoes & him back on the Dago Red if

Speed is illusory, at least Titov dug it "I Eagle".

Poor Glenn ("Down there we have..." &c, &c).

Plopped her ass down.

Ran over a cat.

Gunna make my first milyown fore ize 33.

PASSUS 20: FACTORING

I.

Running, ruining, rune-ing to LaGrande fast as I can.

II.

Strength but not faith to go on/voice but not heart/ for the good song/ stay the night with me/ for the good song/b'yond all I hope/ stay/ or all my hope/ for all/ will go away.

III.

"The bed, rock shifted. . ."

PASSUS 21: BEDROCK

I.

424 BC Battle of Delion

& at the pause we rolling ones (Palatine Station from the train) pass the inevitable 55 year old fat man in brown heavy weave JCPenny's with suspenders the inevitable beautiful boy always blond & a little wistful lovable, fatal, 3 wrinkled & old Bohemian mamas two tiny tots assorted mothers sallow & loud weave green & blond weave green & blond & tobaccos just a little wistful usually

[&]quot;Thomas! Venice!"

"Des fragments de la memoire ces. Cages et voyages" (Joan)

II.

1963 LaGrande August Saturday p.m.

He is very black & she is
very white
& both in prime of sex & mind
or shd be
& mind
& walk past the Post Office
Together swing swing but 3 yards
apart (face ahead, not toward, talk ahead)
like ashamed 3 yards between...
Who says who cares

key airs as from an old

III.

& lunch counter drunk sd "I'd give my ass to see Pegg

```
agin."
A truth
a lie
a relativity
(not w/o love)
    like a last
like a lost
French kiss
&
TRY
(too late to dig sanctions).
```

Athenians had it at the battle of Delion //could//not //cope//with //multifacet//

IV.

Des fragments de la memoire ces...i.e. (Joan)
Fragments of mind these
cages & journeys
carry encounters
maybe a moment
of loves & friends.
Time telescopes
indeed the same.
& in what season Attic rain?
Cages &/ journeys? Ends?

Des fragments de la memoire ces
Cages et voyages
emportent le rencontreur
peut-etre un moment
des amants et amis.
La longue-voyeur du temps
vraiment la meme.
Et de quelle saison la pluie d'Attique?
Des cages et voyages? Des buts?

Who says:

(&c)

PASSUS 22: KNOW KNEW

We are caught in several vacuums w' intensities.

Intensities are not matters of imagination-

ultimately not of flux either.

As: definition: TERROR:-Knew plus re-knew When not the unknown.

Philosophies: comfort stations.

That is as pejorative as you, reader, wish it & no more.

PASSUS 23: PROVINCETOWN

At the end the hurt animal, stunned before cries

or the old sick dog dies

A wicked & adulterous generation seeketh for a sign/ there shall be no sign...

Matthew?

Rest-o-ration. Period. His pocket book lay on the floor like a burst bladder

& the clergyman wept the whore laughed the hermit counted up to 80 @ 1c ea the poet home weeping was a-abed & they all ran.

"Tell me, now, what the answer is, said lib-ral Miz Jonnasson," wife of the Unitarian minister & sister of the bank president.

I.

& each man says as he has sd before as god perhaps says & has sd before "I doubt the worth Of my work & the worth of this world!"

> Pour menu: frogslegs cremes

Let us contemplate desserts.

We have some place to go thru. In 20 yrs (we are 4) who! will.

In a time (when?) this will be real it will be dug.

As

"Please let me know;
Your silence is so long.
I fear for you
Because you are strong—
Fear nonetheless
Though you are grace."

II.

Well, Jack, our politics wd disagree but not our hearts. Damn politics, then, Jack Reed! one evening at least.

I wish I'd known you.

Light heart & high endeavor never named a dearer son, or Oregon produced such buoyancy.

Race up the beach dive in the Willamette & have Olympic games on a lonely Pacific ledge. Swim the Columbia alone when you shdn't! Sing! laugh, tell'em

life can be green always & growing bigger always. Reed, Reed, what do they do to us to make us leave such? Ivy you learnt can strangle one's endeavor, money you knew cd never buy out worth, slavery you saw as ill no matter who held the high hand & cobra whip: clergy you kenned had patented passion at some price: half-assed control. Laughing you fought for license for all hearts to live somewhat.

&. John, dogma tripped you. Sureness drowned you as sure as Roman Romance keyed diptheria.
& I, I have survived 3 dogmas & do pray the breakage of your heart & body some sane time will serve as flag to put new uns off.
Be in my mind when such demands are pressed. Please.
Age, John, makes friends less passionate sometimes, at least my friends. I know you never slowed to shine to elders; let me not slow, but still love by

heart, not calculation, repudiation, advance. Dig? Help ignore like pious eyes & bad hinged disapproving tongues

always.

Dear Westerner—
you didn't die, finally, for politics—
love, man (love: Man)
& when they use you — Reds or Lily Whites —
you mock 'em in their sullen graves
& ...

Love gives a garland, John.

And laughter/god damned if it aint holy/-saves.

[&]amp; each man says as he has said before as god perhaps says & has said before

"I doubt the worth of my work & the worth of this world"

& yet



BOOK III, HISTORY OF THE TURTLE

(to Bill Butler, Alan Bromfield and Geoff Meekosha, in England and to Audrie Snodgrass in La Grande)

PASSUS 25: BRANCH LINE

"I was alone-absolutely alone." Thus Pirandello. "High strung & stupid," Hans sd of Umber who happened to be a police dog. Jux TA!

& the nude figure on the cedar chest equally brown cd have flipped back comique like a funny lay or like too agony — i.e., grotesque either, in comparison to opposite possibility—forward into water gliding.

& it came to pass in those days there was born a collective doghouse

Fink w/ glasses stuck the red plastic straw intuh his icefull onlee glass (like A. S. from Punkin Krik) & Panama hat, inside on an angle

"WUT IZ OBSO-LETE?"

Who
missed/
the
boat/so/far (?)

&

"THERE'S 5 of US GURLS UP HERE WHO WUZ RAISED
IN A 30 MILE AREA
...SCHOOL...CHURCH...MARRIAGE
...& HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

& indeed she was

high strung & stupid

"Each of us has inside him his own special world," thus Pirandello & Roberto: "It matters not how many languages you command — if you say nothing."

& Johnson of C Company & diGregario in A slashed their wrists in '57 or 8.

^{*&}quot;The Perfect Gentleman . . ."

^{*&}quot;You'll see, boy, you'll be sorry." - thus Richter the Brother

^{* &}amp; Seeger "when spring trips Northa gain this year" & all

^{* &}amp; the preachers & the melon seeds

^{* &}amp; Borland "Ontario when yr older/cony island Jewish brothel"/ Gypsy Rose Lee danced w/ er.

^{* &}amp; the consumptive crying on the phone wd pay me anything eef I wud take shorthand in his closet when his wife was w/

^{*} the Baptist digging it

^{* &#}x27;'I'm good for you, kid . . . ' the Senator's wife &

^{* &}amp; the California Congressman after L. like RUT, man

^{* &}amp; Joan on the long trip, missing the tar-get (to be LADY ONE), & reportedly into garments, exclusive stuff

^{* &}quot;A funny Republican, by Damn!" / McCarthy time, thus the country chum of a Judge who opposed public scourging & cru . . .

* movies, circus, headac * AH LUV THOSE DEAF	
	마이 마이 마이트 등에 가는 것이 되었다. 그 사람들은 사람들이 되었다. 프라마이트 글이 자연하는 것이 되었다. 그 사람들은 사람들은 사람들은 사람들은 것이 되었다.
JOE BATES WAS A COR	PORAL HAD A WIFE & SIX (6) COUNTEM KIDS
THE GREEN SHRUB IS A	A SMALL BAR IN A SMALL PORT TOWN IN
	DIED LAST SUMMER & I LEARNED LAST ANGER IS STILL ALIVE
ONE SHD NEVER LOSE	
	Hoover's teeth were lost down the toilet in Iceland;
	WAC pulls rank on lovers.
"Yetti," sd Montague-S	t John "exists w/o a doubt."
& Ole Sport dead at the	roadside
d Ole Sport dead at the	OVER THE MOUNTAIN OVER THE SEA
	THAT'S WHERE MY
*"How much wd he weig	h?" the Chaplain shouted at the German
Ambassador as the fat P	FC Stuard walked in, not fat as them

Lemming	puts	its	paw	on	the	damp	sand
---------	------	-----	-----	----	-----	------	------

To take charge, walk, report, repeat, quit, receive, talk, give, call, salute, to be especially.

*"I, by God, am F. W. Woolworth, Jr., Jarold the Nigger & the riot bottle bomb, the girl whose father & mother came back quite unexpectedly," sd Tim Kavanaugh

Grey, at the temples

PASSUS 26: MEMORIAL FROM THE LEGISLATIVE BRANCH

Screwy hang ups
"Ah Well I Remember"
concerts & skeeters

Screwy hang ups crying & writing you a poem in the middle of the quad at 7:30 a.m. as they hustled past

And you slept very soundly 50 miles away hustled

Good to love to love good love to good good love too too good love love good too

un-hang up!

Screwy hang ups.

Hang John Calvin from a sour whatever.

Like, when my naked little relation Suzy
ran into the front room 15 yrs ago naked as
a jaybirdy bathwards HOW my Grandmere
shouted
after
a briefly delayed reaction "Don't look dontyoulook"."

Inquisitive Presbyterian only child that I was SHOCKED (at Grandmere) since it didnt take too much study to see there was nothing to see.

Screwy hang ups fears of

& Muscles Veneer took out his glass eye & lammed it onto the bar to impress my friend who had been unimpressed by his 50 dollar bills & his muscles.

All, I suppose, because somebody pinched his yo-yo or beach ball or....

"What wuz it like B.P. (Before Petronius)?"
"Damned if I know, Niccolo."

PASSUS 27: COMBINE

(for Costas)

I.

Disaster is never far away & when we leap we fall & who are they?

when we love we love what is dismay? & if we leap we fall ... & who...are...they?

if now we hedge the bet toward yesterday if now we fan the lung & dig decay & do not leap & they are set: lack — lack — lack not only lack a day.

& if we leap we fall & who are they?

o if we do not leap oh o "fold cornerwise & stuff that jazz"

"& I sd for chrissake" watch the snow: as each; as they; flakes; out

II.

Sd
"They hate my guts
be/cause I don't have childbearing hips,
although I
love
their children."

I note it down
"without recourse" is how
I checked,

ferocity).

remembering unpaid debts.
Upon my father's death
to the widow
whom I loved
(she was my mother) more than me.
(& how she had not force to bring
to bear

PASSUS 28: IN/TO

FW
FW
come up
come up
come up
out of the ground

PASSUS 29: JOSEPH & HIS BRO'S., INC., LTD.

I.

Cognizance, Asta,

concern w/ hang of jowl & loop of lip
THE ATTENDANT LINES
vital

hang &/ jowl relative oh seive, oh seive

OUT OF NECESSITY A
CERTAIN SWING LIKE
HIP TO HIP
SANS CON
SCIOUSNESS
SE
X

So let it be man
- let's get on w/ the
touch & ne
ce
sary (sic)

WK. But let's like on like love & all

Survival is more than coy investments ******* & I said, "Renner please use my first name; make me happy;" & he "Yes sir."

Which was a place to laugh & we did, each before checking the other like// & that was very good indeed

II.

My dear, the long scar across yr collarbone is corded, my fingers tell me, like scars are when they are old

And yr voice is like properly rich velvet properly used; helf affection for fabric a long/time.

III.

& the mouse in my mother's bedroom in our house made me think back 25 years to another — grey felt walls & kalsomine tears.

Survival is more than coy investments

Your lips are

PASSUS 30: PORTRAIT

Marshfield Way

Flood's way

the pad, the walls the

On the south wall strong & muted verticals
Utrillo, Degas, oil like a colorphoto SanFrancisco
Federico Lloveras
Picasso (still life a la tete antique)
a European Rousseau (night of carnival)
& Corot print (stubbies) browns
rich w/done-

& contradictory flowers
O Europa.

Rembrandt Bellows/but strong lintels stay 'em

ness

East
Eiffel tower center to r.
de Hooch, familial
& sex o yes; dots &
splots of Seurat, Rousseau
enchantment of snakes —
Tanguy
THE RAPIDITY OF SLEEP
(& 2 Utrillo cathedrals)
6943 of mind: the farewells
Boccioni 1882-1916:

Back again south. Most of all in 1 print 8 panes over 8 panes windowy 16" x 6"

> North Seurat 2 Utrillo scenes, French but like Copenhagen in March.

Pause; a vent.
Two portraits at good flood over books.
Pad good.
Kit. Kat.

Pause yet. West Back off. West Window, door to kitchen door - OUT

> & function over sterling.

Silver in lingering, in this idea.

Like I sd function over sterling. In the function the sterling. A vessel, perhaps.

PASSUS 31: TIMIN

Time, Ford, is short.

See other sheet.

To - thru
Out of Maya

South North.

Man,
"a pink blur,"
she sd.

PASSUS 32: AN ACADEMIC PASSAGE

(for T.)

I.

So we write a rotten verse & we sing it & rehearse our lying ways, then frame another who love & ruin other lovers

& we give the living lie & we scarcely even try our professional 'I spy' is so functional.

II.

Dear J-

I wish I had enough guts to be definitive.

At last I am
At last, I am
I am at
last — then we ellipt.

The cycle's end (from '55 until). The cycle's end.

The fisher's rod the hunter's gun the fowler's net & one & one.

The fool can add & others run in their desire past the . . . past thee . . .

III.

Now, Creeley, I address you as a man & I think "the condition" "the condition." Like.————Grey as/a rat at the temples;

in the mud fields.

IV.

Like my fan/tastic vision of the headstone; simple, reading "R.I.P.: 1945-1963." & Monday morning one small boy sick of it all here in this room in this room all the room, no room

"If I can not get out" I should like to suspend.

Hence out of 1945 to the present desiring you.

Poof house!

V.

Words over nothing hatreds over love

The extension & lack of

As there is Duende, there is Angel.

O my angel too. Will I see you?

PASSUS 33: THE LONG RUN & THE PLANES

I.

Planes, Asta, move too fast when the right flow starts.

As perhaps now
his death unnecessary, Carl sd—
his death unnecessary in some
cheap bar
on the edge of some section of some
Brazilian
jungle
town.

The substance of art
the man clutches compulsively
the inroads of skin
the thin hair
on the scalp of
— one finger into
the bald spot
even those whose visions are
bound
less.

II.

& John "Take my house over Christmas"
how can one say it?
Love justified
& aloofness justified, like
in another verse
connifers
("If I just able")
worrying justifiable
so hard. Not that he came/thru.
"Dog bone"-"Meaty," the TV pitch
Eager eater.
The saliva of God;
Olson. &

III.

& good
L
phoned regrets
as is his wont warmly
from the desert. Night
Desert. Coolness. Puritas. Same Place.
The crawling things & sun &
down gulleys flash floods
FROM----to
Right

O referendum!

IV.

& she was she was she

so lovely so lovely not needing to be.

V.

Chris:
"Thus Fick -"
A lemon
drop
in the arm
rest

VI.

O Einar!

Timin: back, as another people

(on whose back who timed times)

whatever, herewith whatever verse still w/love

```
PASSUS 34: MORTEMER IN THE CITY
 I.
 A sudden death
 a sudden death
    like (not really like but "dig")
 a sudden understanding
    beyond edges
like Jake
w/o "Am artist . . . "
NOT like a piano entertainer
              "whango"
  Over the edge, no-
toriously, pushing my
II.
Will the whomever is standan on my foot
PLEASE
            (
@
```

10,000 feet) ((over Vatnajokul))

please HAND

to keep ass me

from assing again or

TIPPING

my hand

(Yet omygod listen to that drum).

III.

Listening to that same man/ tripped her man/tipped my hand only 8 yrs/later/but funny constant/air/I apologize fer "& so?"

IV.

& cried the H'wd star upon our introduction, "OREGON?OREGON! ORE/GON. IN OREGON THEY CHAIN THEIR BALLS UPON THE WALLS & SHOOT EM DOWN WITH RIFLES. WE'LL GET DE TAILS LATER."

[&]amp; in Seal Beach, Jake "It's that hesitation that'll getcha."

V.

& rolling & hate in the hay in the clover

& I, John 2:

"My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, 'we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous'..."

VI.

Please.

PASSUS 35: HE SAT

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." - Romans 15.

I.

He sat writing at another airport at a later hour broken like a horse of. & he had the same constants as inconstant as his own faith, save one, an addition only to the complex of simple appetites.

He ordered a double martini & the waitress brought him two instead & he thought it reinforced the message of hopelessness though at least the olives were small; unamerikan.

Nick he thought of, who.

II.

"... & an old Dodge ..." & he had talked about em crying alone & thought he wd like to cry but it would lead nowhere.

West Coast to Walla Walla Walla thence to Pendleton. The flat tire at SanFrancisco the flat try thru L.A.

Lung Beach &c &c &c &c communication had NOT failed; he had try to make it fail failing in this.

R. w/ clear insight told him what he knew & didn't want to. Cold — tired, in the convertible (Triumph) at 5:30 a.m. "You were very attentive. & I noticed. It wasn't returned."

Package deal. Johnston Islands. Trev, as Mobley called him, rode again.

III.

Then, Portland.

IV.

He sat
15000 a year man
over the whiskey:
"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing & give

praise. Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early." So # 57 ...& she was hurt & irked a cheap orchid on a cheap red coat."
"Sssss-t."
"Ssssssssst! Hi!"
(Shoooooooouhuhuht!)
He repeatedly to her.
To hurt her & to make her finally laugh.

After 5 minutes she responded "Shhhbut."

Et alors? (so what) So much for before strike sssstuff.

ROUND ALORS! (then; so; in such a case)

on the run
way
the little animals
graceful
wheeling
grey ones. They want fur.

V.

Bird to mate.

Alors meme que (even though)

VI.

The angel, but once if you are in tune; if you are very perceptive.

VII.

I loved - o no - not any one of ye, nor...

I.

Everything to draw from, Warren, everything.

Thus I state it thinking I will write a poem called something. Then I pick up on the past again, & Thought running to our earlier, fragmentary talks, listening to Dr. Williams' voice this afternoon & his singing beauty — rough handed intellect to keep the weeps off — callouses for a reason & warm at heart, I whack these lines....

"To Warren"

Everything to draw from, Warren, everything.

Thus I state it thinking I will write a poem called something.

This I set to, picking up on a fragment of the past I favor: our not (ever?) being very well acquainted except through antennae which twitch when, I suppose, we each suspect they won't again. But do. You in the heart of half a dozen cities me from one — to a funny outpost not/in, not out of whatever is!

Beauties & beasts.

Doughs & yeasts.

Old Dr. Williams on my new Caedmon record.

The voice, the face,
the words — somehow incongruous. A startle
a delight, but damned uncomfortable, &c...He

Who dug the kit to get out whatever for to put the jiggs together who slashed one another

who loved beyond his body long & long & sorrowed that it held a fresh mind over seventy years no longing diminished.

II.

"Very passionate poem lasting at least like Radium"

I am saving part of my money & part of my heart to go across miles if my guts hold out to your city to you, a city, away Past El Dorado

III.

^{*}Baths, hot & mud, water heating pumped in from hot lakes

^{*}Special baths

^{*}Stretchers to train

^{*}From all O/ country

many nurses & orderlies *up to 175 patients @ time; some on holiday, not sick

Dr a surgeon his son becomes dr/surgeon/goes on Anagram needle operates 4 times a week @ the lake 6" plumbing pipes underneath — fixing bad; damp; trains; snakes? (pfm: "did someone die under knife?")

19—: missing welfare checks, missing shawls; missing mail (viz Baby Jane techs) political dinners underneath; snakes maybe in damp black — why wide renovation, dozers, &c no visible gain; some considbles to the eye & v/ expensive to move earth; mud; swamp. "In Amazon"

Reality.

As Bettelheim sd, "If all men are good there was never an Auschwitz."

IV.

BURNT THE VEIL torn the tent the rusted time the lake shawl rent

THE CLOUDS OVER JORDAN VALLEY ARE THEY NOT THE SAME IN ANDORRA?

CICERO! CICERO!
AND IN LONG BEACH, KAVANAUGH
UMBER
LIKE
HIGH STRUNG&& STUPID WALKING
EYES WIDE.
BUZZ SAW.

IT IS NOT THE TIME. *TIMIN*.
TIME TIED ME.

"I AM AT THE GORDION KNOT NOW," SD T.K. "MY TOOL AN UNKEEN RASP.

The keening & the cutting are one."

1964



BOOK IV, HISTORY OF THE TURTLE

(To Larry and to Fred, in hope toward)

"I read in the Dictionaire des Biographies under Heliodorus:
"In the time of Pliny there could still be seen in Rome, on the porticoes of Octavia, Heliodorus" masterpiece: it was a sympleyma; in other words, a group representing a struggle between Pan and Olympus (?)"." — GIDE

"Is Ahab Ahab?" - MELVILLE

PASSUS 37: LA LUNA

I.

One-see-pon a time he wrote a line about the difference between scared cows & sacred ones; now that in half jest. But, O dear the no-things & the new things & the now things. There. O my. The KNOW THINGS this very day. Come, will you?

Say creed.

Without signed pledge & nothing less than wherever live it.

Love not & yet tennis love. Love. L'ouf & loaf & work & knead & read & loaf & staff & need & life & loaf & l'ouf & love & ONE, SEE, PONA TIME I — I rote. I'm sorry to BE (bee?) Rot(e) about or ish.

& need needs.

II.

& Piero Bigoniari, 1963, "Nell'etere di fuoco sta la luna" (The man lies in ethereal fire). Another final & yr hair is grey as the light strikes & I am quite w/o a thing to sing who sang of Omlee whom he loved last year. & Omlee still is near but that love out of sight; of question.

No Omlee you; no cupidon nor lynx of innocence, lynx of passion (smiling felinity!); but you are beautiful & I have become the dog whose tongue drips in the heat.

The day on fire
the phallic compass
weather vein
& rut's in my mind the orgasmic broadsnout.
Moses
burning
bush.

(I seek yr eyes/ my tongue is wet.)

PASSUS 38: VOUS

& @ 10,000 feet over Vatnajokul strapped into parachutes the dean, the vice dean & I before the first commencement: Iceland 19whatever

Maryland we're all behind you sung later in GRØNLAND; a dilly: vous.

They found skeletons in old graveyards bone indicating that they were adults when they died; but they were grown only about 3 feet tall.

Presumably GRØNLAND died (no trees) for want of ships for trade in foodstuffs; ISLAND nearly so for the same (both w/o lumber for repair) reason,

EUROPE being sick w/ the plague.

& the warrant officer curled up, drunk, under the outside steps of the BOQ
40 miles above the circle

& they got him in in time, through a fluke.

& we had whiskey aboard the flag ship up there, North of Sondrestrom.

It was the geophysical year & there was some trouble getting data flown off the ice cap before the weather became completely impossible due to the fog.

The temperature though 35 below/ meant considerably less; the fog was it/ the blizzards & the fog.

Ron Young nearly cried, asking me not to leave. I wd have stayed if my orders had not been cut, despite everything.

As for all that, perhaps the painter-turned-electronics-man (Philco of Can ada) St. John sd it/ that night in the officers' club/ to the new looey: the latter marvelling at his Australian worldliness: "You do not know what fear is until you have been charged by a herd of maddened wombat."

Black Ridge is still there, a place for the lost to bear upon, presuming I.

Is it not natural to
go where one is wanted
but not loved
from where one is
loved but not wanted;
bloated & w/ a limp, diagnosed
near-sighted

II.

It is evident in the bone of yr back the mind of yr memory

O tired I am tired so tired

Turk

Rape her seduce him strike the line this time is not my time

Love love you both (that my words wd mean nothing to neither) ((my too tame, two tame, two tame, to tame words; amor . . . &c))

Strike the line
w/ naught to do when will has naught to do w/ it
strike! "That's the heart."
O Dido! O Actaeon!
"Oh, Dido?" "Oh, Actaeon?"
Sea pray
sea

I.

& the Chinese fortune cooky @ Kow Loons, 1963, Los Angeles, "duty may loom as a bar to yr pleasures" & later many nerves an island before the throat swole shut & 3 days later Lara on the phono just off the kitchen sang his own work, his face half missing Roberto sd & we wisely went to Santa Anita & tried our luck for fun.

II.

How?
Is remorse obsolete?
— what perhaps
Huxley & Orwell both
saw missing.
Look at my friends;

the differences
between 'em.
JOY
REMORSE
usually in the
same ones, the unmachine
un-chi-chi
the givers.

III.

@ the end the hurt animal cries; the old sick dog silently dies.

Direction
direction
from & to
necessary
what is there to the case?
only tongues in mouths — each others?
Surely/ not.

IV.

Remorse
is not alone
nor is standing by
before
during
after a
given disaster

Off key is off key but harmony is harmony.

PURITAS?
Possible?
What. Sweep
of the dark wing
the great black
bird is upon us
before the question
has a chance
to firm in the
grey-blue air

The last race Santa . . . whatever.

V.

The lyric wanting still we run
the keys
try to sieze the
right wave,
waitwatch upon
the preceding
guess at the next
wave
wave
wave
blindly smiling

blandly smile faking quantified & aching the mist slantwise smarting & grey. Can we raise the day?

VI.

SECTION ON FORCE, THIS: To force
push tug rape
/medico/ or as Tim sd "lubricity vital."
(Iron upon iron/i.r.on.y.) GUTS BROWN. Stain of lost
blood.

O I am thinking of you as I write this.

I.

Too far from elementals we play sophisticate

w/ love/ for,
but not to
worry/ much

1983/to
drink in
bitches
is
in/pss/i/
ble
however
hard you
may
try

(The hot somethingorotherupwhat ever/versus holding/hands surface. sur/face. sur-f-i-ng? ever? what?)
Here. Now. Seal Beach. 63.

Like putting it another slightly different way:
O soap O opera,
when the thing you nearly care for gung ho be/comes.a.be.comes.a.be.
comes.a HARD.OUT.WARDS.OR.IN.WARDS.

love/the/egg of what?

(Chinese eggs they sd when I wuz a kid wuz prized on age.)

II.

& yr letter saving it all, after the alcoholic "throw the blocks to her" one written from Baltimore & 2 yrs silence after my Poloniac reply. Saving it after all for that one bad night. Clancy's Bar, swinging. Through the fog, through the haze.

My days to go on!

& why not La Palm, why not when windmills wave back at one, for chrissake? Even once every few yrs. Timin. Time try me, tie, me in the year of, if there are years. If there are.

PASSUS 42: MALIBU

& Malibu & dark & down the cliff Gooney birds pranced on the beach sand & Jake threatened to dance & like SHD, spirit DID & he & Marvin built a sandcastle & the crash the roll the spume the breakers perfect below Zahn's @ Malibu & Franklyn & a new style & Helen swinging IN INTO after Vancouver & wonderful the most wonderful & there after the dedication how many years after, "More & more I like this . . . " &c. & Wyn &. Some & so many. Like this water scene! Love it! "I want to hug somebody for this beauty," you sd. WHY NOT? Why not?

O it was the good night alive, live. A-live-night. Love, night, towards TOWARDS & that is why. The matter of direction.

 $$\mbox{$\mbox{$\mbox{ψ}}$ populated $\mbox{$\mbox{w}/$ good faces}$}$ all races $$\mbox{$\mbox{$\mbox{w}/$}$ all ages.}$

(Happily led away by the tie by Jackie.) WELD! hold the right time.

Mean time you ... in Port-

land, La Grande, esprit.

DUENDE!
ANGEL!
In concert.

PASSUS 43: A DIRECTIONAL

To know one
you have
opposed
... to know a man or woman.
Time og tide.
To know;
to know over. To know,
to dig a
dream
w/ that one.
That same one.

Houston, NOT Hollywood. In heart. Not running around blocks.

Not running at all any more.

PASSUS 44: A PATRIOTISM AGAIN

I.

Yet
Amerika, 1963:
the farting plastic mustard bottle
sets the theme.
The unity IS here — town, metrop, village-in-the-sticks:
we are one,
& our efficiency is notable.

The farting mustard bottle
sets the theme,
boastful, hopeful, 2/3 empty of . . .
& we dream TOWARDS (zip-zip)
w/o much content
TOWARDS to be seemly
in success or
out.

& our efficiency is notable.

II.

MEDITATIONAL)
I'll be loving you al/ways.
Polyphilogenitive
sutlers &c
O Lordy, Lordy
O TSE TSE

(& as for the dykes ro/e/day/ohs are really holy days)

. Heart you've done the earn.
There won't come many more like this
(viz u all)

"Charlie where yew

bin?" shouts the lady in black lace g -loves.

"& I just sat there waiting on the next eye contact."

We decorate wherever with our bone.

III.

We decorate wherever w/ our bone & move the route between somewhere & home & decorate wherever w/ our bone as even in dark Africa they do.

As even in dark Africa they do we decorate wherever w/ our bone & say "unique & white & carving true" as even in dark Africa they do. We move the route between somewhere & home as even in dark Africa they do.
We say "unique & white & carving true," & decorate wherever w/ our bone.

& our efficiency is notable.

PASSUS 45: THE SEASON

I.

Too far from elementals we play sophisticate, w/love for "but not to worry" much (less hurt equals?)

The hot something or other versus

1

din

g

hands. Surfing? Ever?

What?

HERE! NOW! SEAL! BEACH!

(as: "She is a dirty
beetch & yet
she is what I shd
she is what I say
she is what I after
she . . . ")

Love the egg of what?

II.

"How pussy footed can you get?" Jan, so, nite after.

WHAT GOES ON IN COMPTON HERE*

*"After the serfice was over," sd J of midnite mass, her tongue slipping. (Mass — the question of content . . .)
THUS, on X-mass eve recalling, under a bush ... a sleep w/ an alligator, she & we over/looking the pool, REDEEMED me, 1000 miles away from, after Costa's letter.
(Que sticks in bowling alleys, she sd, poked her eyes out black & blue anyway. Her knees.)

III.

We who are reduced to the word induce to be heard without reason too often,

as a surfboard closes to the . . . closer than the rider . . . andwards.

"Yotta see the dolls
the daughter got this Christmas/one,
tickle it under the
arm & it laughs, pat
it on the ass
& it cries."

Re/duced to.

The hope/
less hope of her painting
darks, turgid, & a rainbow
& a castle
o/ it a rainbow

leading it into more, leading into more turgidity from firm brown base

lines
making a sinister face. (Jest, or?/
& o/ all love -

V.

Sd Jake "CRADLE OF EROTICA" makes N.L. & Miller not to mention F. Hill like bed time stories.

How nice he called!

HERE NOW
SEAL
BEACH!
(Mother matter question &c
: between Colorado & Massachusetts she
dropped him @ 3 a.m.,
NY Eve

Lung Beach.) O believe

O believe me

YOU! Please, I do not know why

PASSUS 46: REQUIESCAT

Sd Trev
"In our daily lives
we loved each
other

. Daily.

So I didn't go to the funeral.

Of course I didn't! (Nor will that friend be at mine.)

In our daily lives
we loved each other
- & we laughed together."

PASSUS 47: THE GRACES

I.

Magpie graceful as a gull
on the wind outside my window
o
by clip & paste
move epigraph to underneath
copy/right & put
introduction to this edition facing Flack
's into
or vf/wcw if
SWALLOW (when will I be like the Swallow?)
prefers.

WCW remarks #201 & sig.

ice twice virgin

the hems of garments touch; we pass

Reposte & memento mori 1@ a time.

Come to.

As reposte to a letter of EFJ's

"Well at least you did pass this way."

Thee (EFJ) in a letter to me, post publication D&D, early 1960 wasn't it?

(((Yes yes yes but is that it at all Edward?)))

DEVELOPMENTAL SCENE (& development seen) important?

Only in that the time is a way is my passage in any way (or any body's) important:

that I passed this (our, including

fragments of others' time) time repeat: passed this time SEEING— (not a pass-time alone) —& THAT the justification?

Back.

"Time/tie/me/" as Ford (John) sd in Walla Walla in a good poem in 1961. "& if I just able," Bayes sd to one once-"just if I able . . ."

Edward! it is semantical this difference. But on this June day I arrived @ this necessary th-outcome. Delivered by this post to goodly critic; friend joined in the attack on infinity as eye.

II.

The afterbirth was hanging from the cow/ a garland/.../& anything you may have sd is — is just/if/id/ not stood/ & STAND A STAND! o tv dinner o yam o candied ham o spam o kilroy & sam/o lamb o sperm squirm (&c &c).

As in homage.

The hems of garments touch/we pass.

PASSUS 48: THE DEATHS

I.

There are certain flies that come in my window some time after lunch & hover in mid-air directly in center-room. The room is on the third floor a screen is therefor unwarranted.

The flies hover, & sometimes I am irked v/ much past simple irritation, but if music is put on the phonograph whatever kind they dance.

No, I do not know what their variety is. But today they danced w/a special kindness: I had lain down w/a stiff drink & put on my single Piaf record upon hearing of the deaths of Cocteau & The Sparrow & started @ length weeping even then angry w/ noting two flies remaining yet in October. But they danced soon as always & the record sang

II.

Communique:
the love I bear for you
no wise diminishes because of distance
& indeed has proved against time's
naggy test
that it minds nothing so much

... & the American Time:

& Walt sd he'd make Pete "a correct speller/ & real handsome writer" . . . &c"""

& jesus knows not being bossy of one's own shanty ant the cheese.

& IF YOU AINT WILLING TO TRY TO DIG THE PLACE OF SAUK CENTER IN THIS ANUM OR WHATEVER

Y

! & a pox upon yuh.

III.

Scholars have no mercy. Scholars have? Scholars know? Wow!
Leave us decline:
grass ass &c. SCHOLARS HAVE SHIT THAT SHOT & they know it.

IV.

Just shy of Camden.

***** a mister degree?****

The film cd run, the novel read, the poem rant again in love wish for/ & same results,

The Charles running punts, the Grande Ronde rubber rafts.

A continent between these continents & I guess will be

WHAT IS THIS PASSAGE? Bullshit? I do not know. Not meat market anyway.

our very passage too?

O Ralpho O rest Oration.

Lindy flew to Paris alone not w/a committee.

Magpie graceful as a gull outside my window.

(Including Margaret Randall deMondragon's introduction to the Third Book)

PASSUS

1: Eva Tfat was the name of a rubber elephant owned by the Taft people at the 1952 Republican Convention, Chicago. "They had the lake to rake" is a line of Julia A. Moore's (The Sweet Singer of Michigan). Joyce: James Joyce and Cousin Joyce. Re Carl, see "Chicago."

2: John Bell.

3: Alvin R. Kaiser.

4: J. G. (Geoffrey) Meekosha. Credit Wallace Stevens. Ragnar Stefansson.

5: David L. Wright's middle son, Iowa City, 1963.

6: Fred Park. Asta here and throughout the books of the *Turtle* is always my Muse figure and in addition the name is rooted in my memory and my imagination. Alice in Wonderland Alice. Apologies to Vachel Lindsay.

7: John Profumo.

- 8: Quoting Shelley quoting.
- 9: Asta: see No. 6 above.

10: C.O. is Charles Olson.

11: Somewhat keyed by a lecture of Robert Duncan's. T.E.H. is Hulme.

Lawrence is supposed to invoke both D.H. and T.E.

12: My memory was faulty, but the feeling needs the fault: Philip Whalen's poem referred to mud tracks, not snow tracks. The names from the stanza beginning "Sun &" (except for Ezra and from V. on out) are largely made up. Here, situation is important (and the avoidance of any possible invasion of privacy).

13: As noted in Passus six note, above.

18: Larry Goodell, poet and mystic. John Ford, painter and poet. Martin

Wyllis Bibbens, architect and scholar.

20: Delion, where the army of lovers won. Joan is Joan Lang (in this instance), who did the French for the music of it: She also aided the conception of "An Evening with Ezra Pound" in 1962; idea of broadening that reading play to include dance, music.

24: After the Madison Square Garden Paterson Pageant flopped, Reed and others went to Italy as guests of Mabel Dodge; he contracted diptheria

straight off.

25: The late Hans Leuenberger. Play and movie called Aaron Slick Roberto Almanza, professor and scholar.

28: F. W. Nessly, orchardist and some-time poet of the Grande Ronde

Valley — dead before I was born. Mr. Nessly, a maternal great-grandfather — long familiar.

30: Aaron Flood.

31: Alludes to painter John Ford's concern with space and time, also the automobile Fords. The quotation is from Helen Luster.

32: Thinking, dreaming, about Charles Olson's report of his Angel; its manifesting at Schraft's, etc.

33: My favorite TV pitch. Chris is Christine White. Einar Jonsson, the late Icelandic sculptor. *Timin* is Icelandic for time.

35: Both Scott Fitzgerald's Nick and Hemingway's Nick and Nicholas Smith.

36: Vide: "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?" Jordan Valley, Oregon, has a very large Basque population; biblical allusion also intended. Same case with Roman Senator and Chicago suburb. T.K. and Trevor Kavanaugh ("Trev") fictional figure appearing also in my earlier work.

38: Vatnajokul: Iceland's great glacier - largest in Europe.

39: Turk: a character in Come Back Little Sheba; the athlete who causes the gal to betray her fiance, thus setting elderly male protagonist back on the juice — for he observes all (he's also AA).

40: "Only tongues" - cf. Balthazar's statement in the Alexandria Quartet: "At the end we shall all lie with our tongues in each other's mouths."

42: Alludes to Curtis Zahn's place, A. Fredric Franklyn, Jake Sitters, Helen Luster, Marvin and Jackie Saltzman.

43: Og: Icelandic for and.

45: "Yotta see . . ." is a precisely recorded bar conversation. Christmas Day, 1963.

47: Certain details of publication of my first book by Alan Swallow: Vic Flack wrote its introduction; William Carlos Williams wrote an introduction for its second edition (i.e., W.C.W.). Edward F. James wrote the introduction for Cages and Journeys.

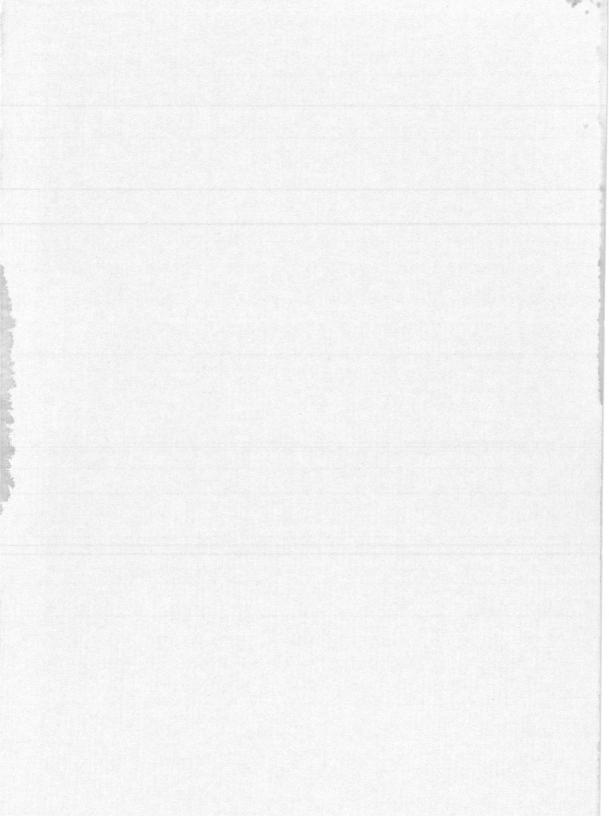
48: Cocteau and Piaf died on the same day; he after being informed of her death. Time is the magazine and the Walt & Pete business is from a Time review, referent to Walt Whitman. A one-time President of Eastern Oregon College was reported to favor the creation of an intermediate degree to come between the MA and Ph.D. degrees — suggested "Mister's" as a name for it. See Hudibras for Ralpho and Charles A. for Lindy.

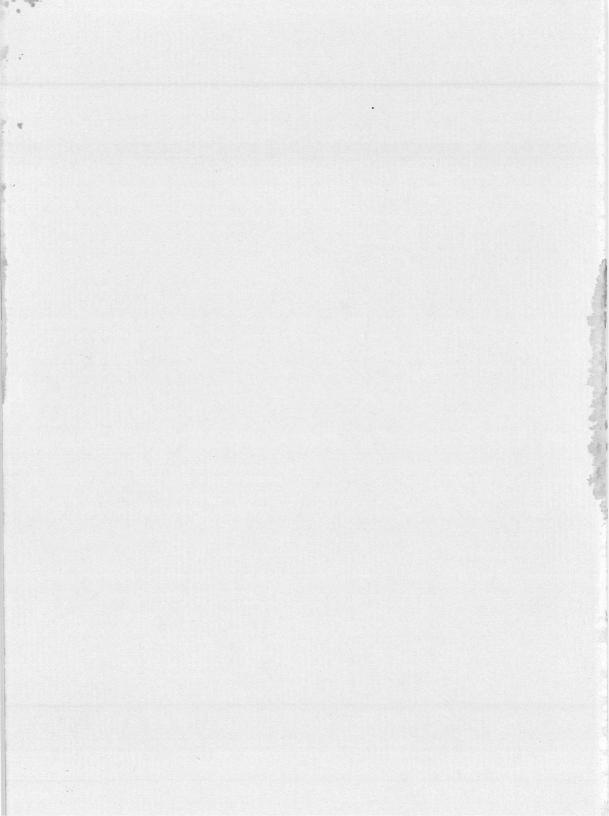
* The following is the introduction to Book Three which appeared when it first came out as a GRR Press Book. It is by the editor and publisher of El Corno Emplumado, Margaret Randall deMondragon, herself a distinguished poet and short story writer.

"Ronald Bayes has asked me to write a little introduction to this book, and it goes without saying that I am glad to add any good word to the "making" of this volume. I do not feel it as a duty. I feel it as an honor, but one not fully merited. I do not consider myself a good critic — as many of our contemporary poets are — and I freely admit that my selection of works included in EL CORNO EMPLUMADO depends upon some intuitive sense (a complicated combination of realities) impossible to explain.

I can and will say this:

Ronald Bayes has taken the "bull by the horns" in a way few contemporary writers have been able to do. He is working in a very special field. He makes combinations which to some are completely outside the realm of "poetry". And they are not only the accustomed combinations of prose and poetry known as "prosody". They go much deeper than that. They have to do with machines and flowers, to depend on symbols perhaps a bit too vague in my conception of his work. There is a totality in what comes out which goes far beyond what may be taken as "beautiful poetry". Perhaps it is, more rightly, "useful poetry". For I have a very strong feeling that what Bayes is doing in this book (indeed in the four books which will someday be one) will prove to be a stepping stone to our future - poetically speaking. I have no idea what Bayes will do next, what these Turtle books have meant to him in his poetic evolution nor what they will mean to other poets in theirs. I do not even know what they will mean to readers, in regard to how these poems, this poem, affects their lives. But there are certain things I feel intuitively. I feel that the writing of this work, and the reading of it, will make something new happen in American Letters. - Mexico City, Feb., 1966"





"Mr. Bayes is, I note, an Oregonian by birth and training. His writing is very clean, and certainly seems as concentrated as a good deal of William Carlos Williams, the father image of us all . . . The lyric or rhapsodic mode is difficult to pull off in an age like this with everyone attending college, seeing the world, and otherwise losing very early the sense of wonder -- except in retrospect." - RON SPICER. "There is nothing artificial or superficial about Bayes' poems, what I like most about them. They have confidence." - JOSEPH FERGUSON (University of Nevada), ". . . A good poet and as a result . . . good poems. ! have the book on my desk and have even given it the ultimate treatment: on occasion I look back and reread something I have already enjoyed." - TOM BURNAM (Portland State College). "These poems and the sound of your voice which they carry and your way of observing many places, in America and Europe, in which they evoke the reader to participate, make me want very much to meet you." - HERBERT HOWARTH. 'Ronald Bayes is right to quote from Ibsen, but Bayes writes dramatic poetry himself: Ibsen and the older boys, Shakespeare, the miracle plays, Buchner, etc., etc. The dilemma of face: incest, and its transformations: the oedipal relation with authority, "inversion" (Genet here!), virginal purity, etc." -RICHARD WATSON, "Humor and shorthand make the poetry of Ronald Bayes. often arresting. He is given to sharp, impulsive echoes of people and places . . . colloquialisms, contractions, and archaisms clash on the ear. Bayes is

effective." - ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. JR., in South And West. "Your poetry cannot be examined, evaluated, whathave-you, by the usual methods and criteria. It is establishing its own rules. . . you surely will have a go at a place in our literary history . . . the writing of poetry that is stylistically prophetic has always been a lonely business. . . There is a great learning behind your poetry. as well as a sincerity hard to paraphrase but nonetheless genuine." - RONALD WORAN (University of North Carolina). "It is not alone Bayes' extraordinary talent at handling that so artistically essential device of contrast that is noteworthy . . . it is Bayes' keen comprehension of the interplay of all the elements of the fangue, and his elegant conformation of all of them into superbly integrated unitary designs." - EDWARD F. JAMES (Catholic University). "1 started out . . . as Coleridge did with Blake's SONGS, not to be pretentious or comparative, grading them, but soon gave it up and just read for the pleasure that came in doing so . . . there are many poems I wish I had written as well. Yours is one of the few books of verse that I have read straight through and dug each poem, looking forwards the next.... the best praise I can give, and in my view, you certainly outclass . . . any of them insolent (not in manner, but to our intelligence - Or are they kidding themselves?) cats (strange how insolence, weakness and insipidness are so greatly. praised and noticed and talent ignored these days) by a good long mark from the gun." - DAVID S. SCHAFF, Editor Yale Literary Magazine

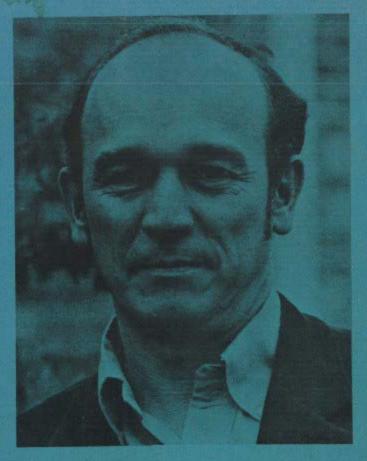


photo by William Stafford

RONALD H. BAYES was born in Oregon in 1932 and lived in the town of Umapine during his public school years. He attended Eastern Oregon College, where he later taught, Colorado State College, the University of Pennsylvania (as a Woodrow Wilson Fellow), the University of British Columbia, and Trinity College (Dublin). He was a member of the 2d Battalion Combat Team, U.S. Infantry, in Iceland in 1956—8.

Rolfe Humphries, Charles Olson, and Robert Creeley are among the contemporary poets with whom Bayes has studied. His History of the Turtle was preceded by nine chapbooks of verse, the first of which, Dust & Desire, was introduced by William Carlos Williams. Bayes has also created two works (on Pound and Williams) for the stage and his monograph of literary criticism, John Reed & the Limits of Idealism, is published by the South And West press.

Mr Bayes is presently writer-in-residence at St. Andrews Presbyterian College, Laurinburg, North Carolina, where he also serves as editor of St. Andrews Review.